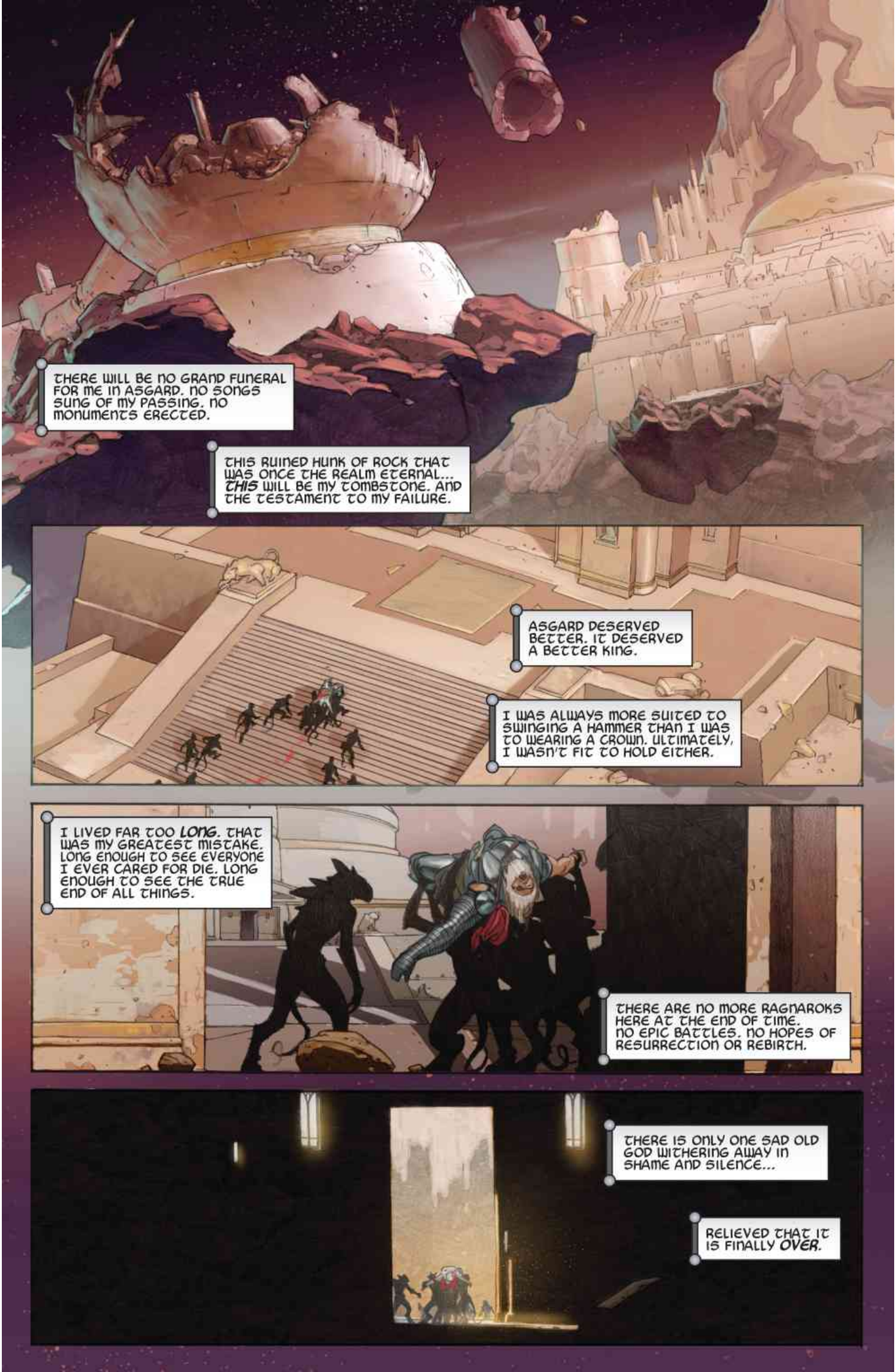
# The Last God in Asgard

Asgard.
Thousands of Years From Now.
As darkness comes over me, as all pain fades, I feel myself floating.
Floating through Asgard, past the broken shards of the Rainbow Bridge, past the statues of the fallen.
Past the crypt where I buried my mother and father. My wives. And all of my children.
I feel myself floating on, but I am not dismayed. I go with a glad heart. I go to be with my family. At long last...
I go to Hel.

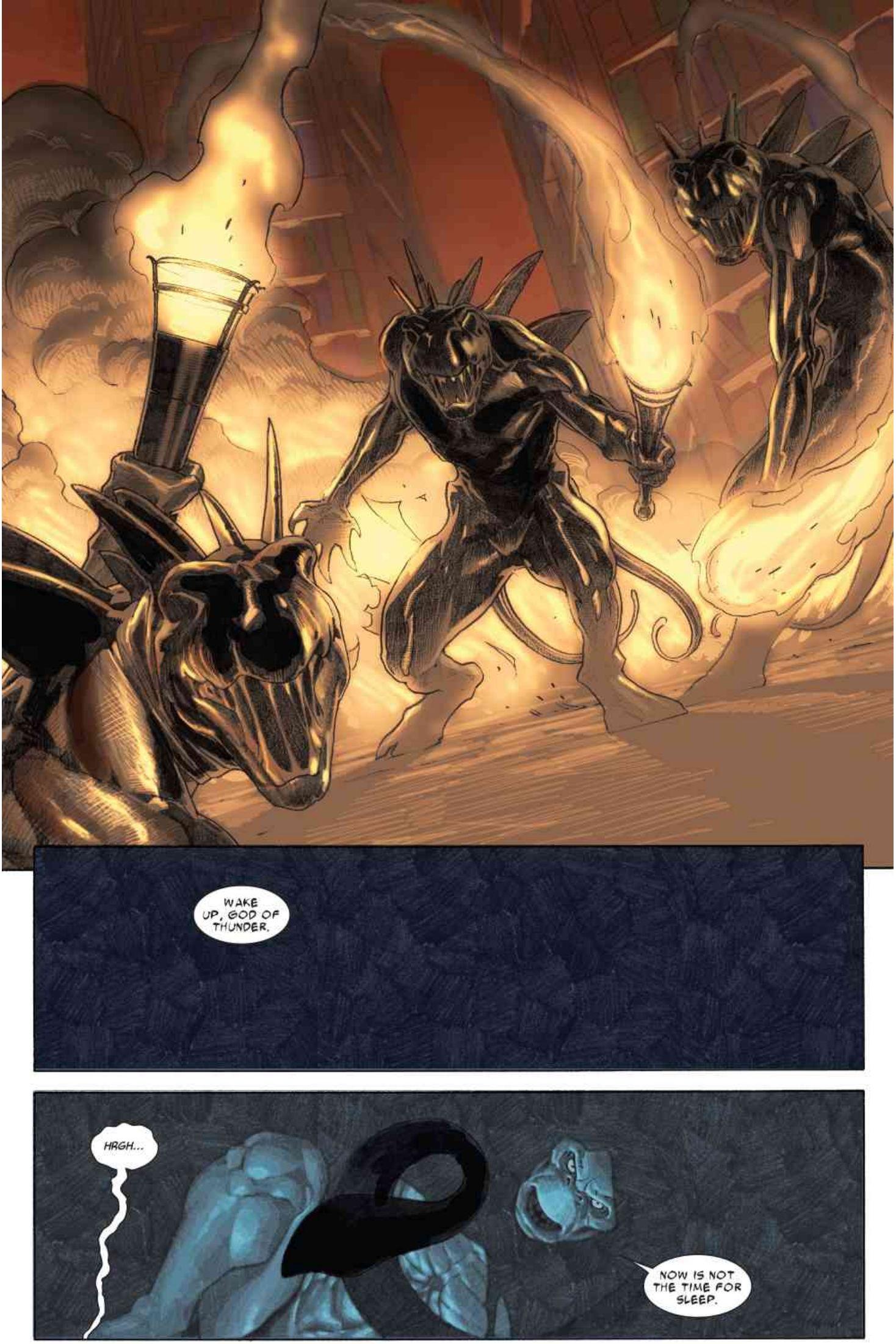

THERE WILL BE NO GRAND FUNERAL FOR ME IN ASGARD. NO SONGS SUNG OF MY PASSING. NO MONUMENTS ERECTED.
THIS RUINED HUNK OF ROCK THAT WAS ONCE THE REALM ETERNAL... *THIS* WILL BE MY TOMBSTONE. AND THE TESTAMENT TO MY FAILURE.
ASGARD DESERVED BETTER. IT DESERVED A BETTER KING.
I WAS ALWAYS MORE SUITED TO SWINGING A HAMMER THAN I WAS TO WEARING A CROWN. ULTIMATELY, I WASN'T FIT TO HOLD EITHER.
I LIVED FAR TOO *LONG*. THAT WAS MY GREATEST MISTAKE. LONG ENOUGH TO SEE EVERYONE I EVER CARED FOR DIE. LONG ENOUGH TO SEE THE TRUE END OF ALL THINGS.
THERE ARE NO MORE RAGNAROKS HERE AT THE END OF TIME. NO EPIC BATTLES. NO HOPES OF RESURRECTION OR REBIRTH.
THERE IS ONLY ONE SAD OLD GOD WITHERING AWAY IN SHAME AND SILENCE...
RELIEVED THAT IT IS FINALLY *OVER*.

WHU...? WHERE...
I KNOW THE FEEL OF THIS SEAT. I KNOW IT ALL TOO WELL.
THIS ISN'T THE AFTERWORLD.
NO... THIS ISN'T... WAIT...
COME BACK.
COME BACK HERE, YOU WRETCHED DOGS!
THE GOD BUTCHER...HE WON'T EVEN GIVE ME THAT ONE SMALL VICTORY, WILL HE?
COME BACK HERE AND KILL ME!
HE WON'T EVEN LET ME DIE.

Farth
Now.
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE SORT OF GOD YOU DON'T MEET EVERY DAY. A GOD WHO HAS LOOKED UPON THE FACE OF GORR...
...AND LIVED. LIKE YOU, YES? THE MIGHTY THOR. OH, HOW I'VE HEARD HIM TALK ABOUT YOU.
I WAS CALLED SHADRAK. OF THE DIAMOND MOONS OF OGHOGHO. I WAS THE GOD OF... OF WINE AND WATERFALLS. UNTIL HE CAME. UNTIL THE GOD BUTCHER...
I DON'T KNOW WHY HE KEPT ME ALIVE. WHY HE MADE ME WATCH AS HIS BLACK BERSERKERS SLAUGHTERED THE REST OF MY PANTHEON. IT SEEMED TO AMUSE HIM...THE MORE I SCREAMED.
EVERY DAY, I BEGGED HIM TO KILL ME NEXT. BUT INSTEAD HE CUT OFF ALL MY EYELIDS, SO I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO SEE. HE TRULY IS AN ARTIST, YOU KNOW? I MEAN THAT. THE THINGS HE CAN DO WITH THAT WEAPON OF HIS, THE THINGS THAT HE SHOWED ME...
GODS ARE SUCH BEAUTIFUL CREATURES, I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE SURE OF THAT. BECAUSE I'VE SEEN WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE ON THE INSIDE.
I'M NOT CERTAIN... BUT I THINK I MAY HAVE GONE MAD AT SOME POINT.

I ESCAPED WHILE HE WAS MURDERING JANARO, A GOD I HAD KNOWN SINCE CHILDHOOD. HE WAS...THE GOD OF FRIENDSHIP.
I KNEW THIS CAVE WAS THE ONE PLACE GORR WOULD NEVER SET FOOT IN AGAIN. THE WAY HE ALWAYS DESCRIBED IT WAS LIKE...LIKE IT WAS SACRED TO HIM. HE SAYS HE OWES YOU A GREAT DEBT FOR WHAT YOU TAUGHT HIM HERE.
THAT'S WHY HE'S SAVING YOU FOR LAST.
WHERE IS THE GOD BUTCHER NOW? HOW DO I FIND HIM?
THERE'S NO NEED TO GO LOOKING FOR HIM. HE WILL FIND US ALL SOON ENOUGH.
HIS RAGE WILL NEVER DIE. IT'S THE WEAPON THAT KEEPS HIM ALIVE. IT'S A PART OF HIM NOW. THANKS TO YOU.
YOU WILL SEE ONCE HE COMES. YOU WILL SEE HOW PRETTY YOUR FRIENDS ARE WITHOUT THEIR SKINS.
TELL ME ANYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT WHERE HE'S HEADED OR WHO HE'S AFTER, AND I PROMISE YOU, I WILL KEEP YOU SAFE.
I DON'T KNOW... ANYTHING, DO I? ONLY THINGS I HEARD BEING SCREAMED. THE SECRETS HE CUT OUT OF OTHERS. CHRONUX. THERE WAS CHRONUX OF COURSE AND...OH NO. NO, WE SHOULD NOT TALK OF THOSE THINGS, NOT EVEN HERE.
CHRONUX. I DON'T KNOW THIS WORD. WHAT IS IT? IS IT A GOD?
JUST LEAVE ME BE. JUST LET ME HIDE HERE UNTIL THE END OF TIME. I QUITE LIKE EATING BUGS AND SLEEPING IN MUD. BETTER THAN I DO BEING BUTCHERED.
JUST COME WITH ME, SHADRAK, AND I SWEAR TO YOU, THE GOD BUTCHER WILL NEVER TOUCH YOU AGAIN.
COME WITH ME...

"AND WE CAN END THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL."
Omnipotence City, Nexus of All The Gods.
LIBRARIAN!
LORD HIGH LIBRARIAN! WE SEEK YOUR AID!
I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. I'D LIKE TO GO BACK TO THE CAVE NOW.
YOU ARE SAFE HERE. THESE ARE THE HALLS OF ALL KNOWING. IF THERE IS A GOD CALLED CHRONUX ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE, HERE WE WILL TRACK HIM DOWN.
LIBRARIAN!
WHERE THE DEVIL IS THAT BITTER OLD...
UGGGH...
LORD LIBRARIAN!
NO. OH NO. IF ONLY I COULD CLOSE MY EYES.

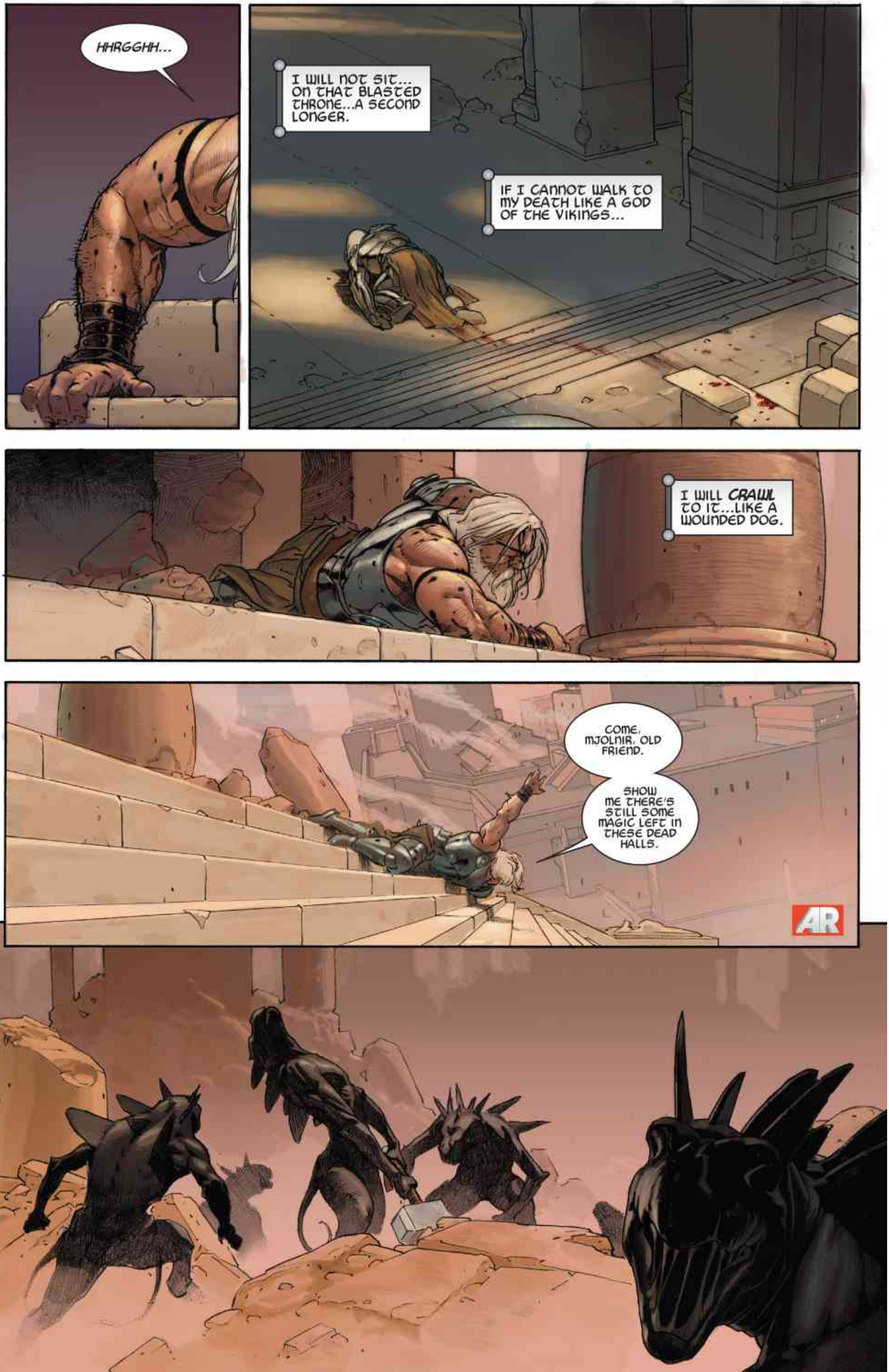

WAKE UP, GOD OF THUNDER.
HRGH...
NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR SLEEP.

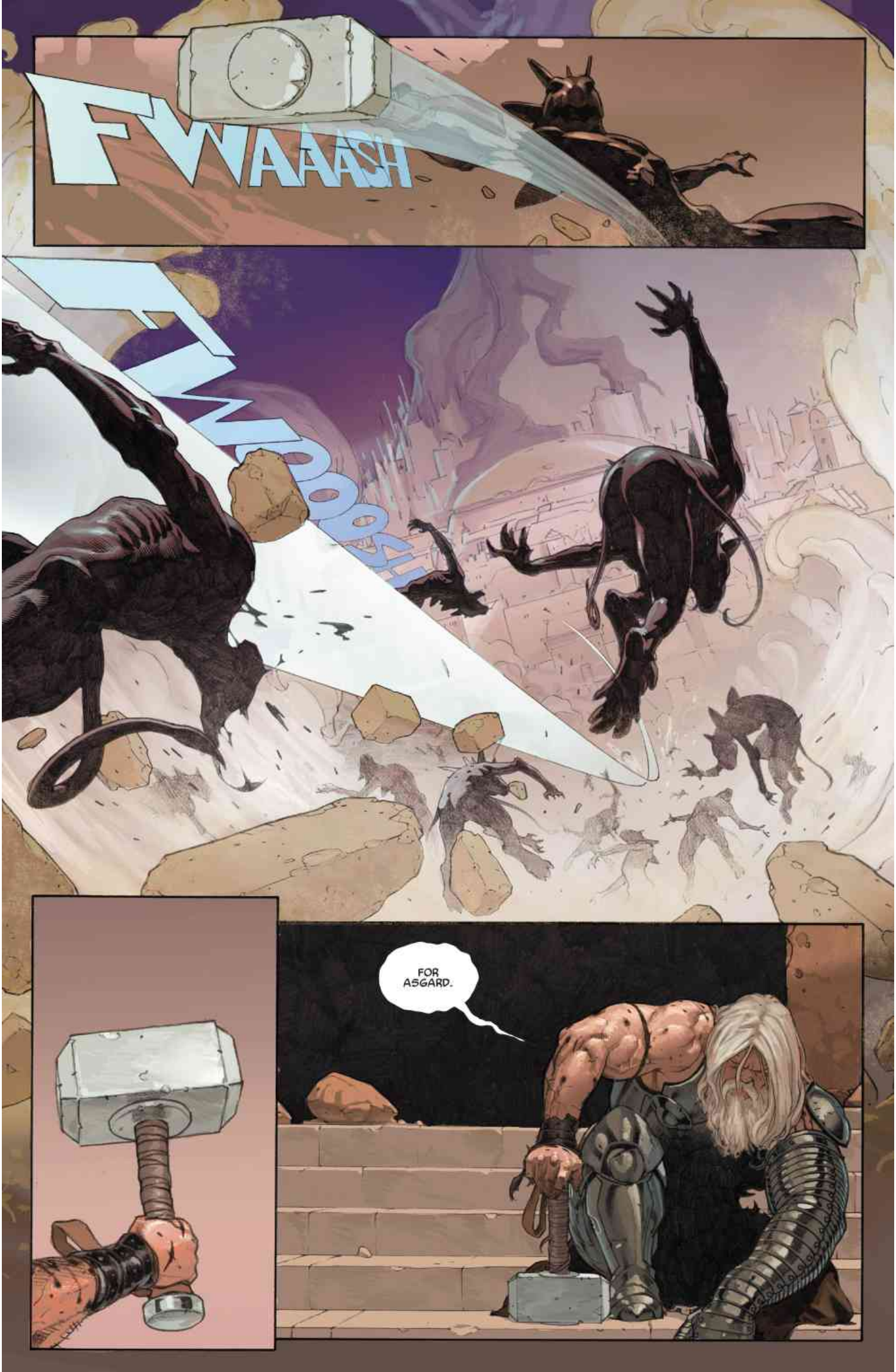
NOW IS THE TIME FOR SUFFERING.
893 A.D.
The Cave of The God Butcher.
AND FOR TALK.
GRRRGGHH! TAKE THESE CHAINS OFF ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU SUFFERING, YOU SNAKE-FACED COWARD!
THAT IS NOT THE SORT OF TALK I HAD IN MIND.
YOU WILL TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MANY GODS OF THIS WORLD, INCLUDING YOUR FAMILY AND EVERY LAST ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS.
YOU WILL TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THEM. IN ASGARD, WAS IT? THEN YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE, AS YOU WATCH ME KILL THEM.
WRAP ME IN AS MANY CHAINS AS YOU LIKE, BUTCHER! ALL I'M EVER GOING TO TELL YOU...IS TO GO TO HEL!

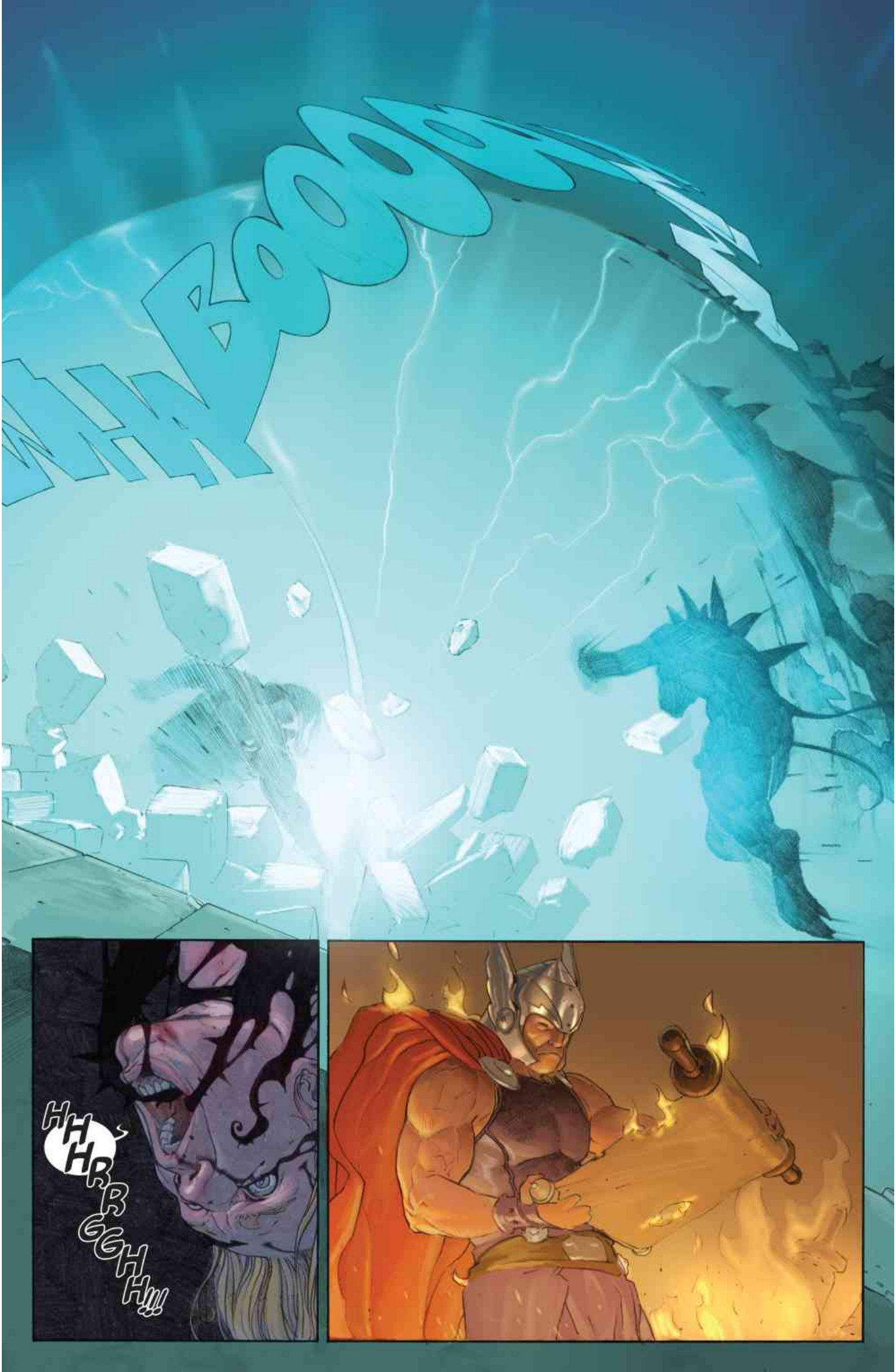
RRRGGHHH!!!
I AM NOT EXACTLY A NOVICE IN THE WAYS OF TORTURE, YOU UNDERSTAND. I ONCE TORTURED A GOD OF TORTURE.
AFTER AN EVENING ALONE WITH ME, HE TOLD ME WHERE HIS OWN CHILDREN WERE HIDING.
GGGRRGHH!!! I WILL KILL YOU!
FIGHT ALL YOU LIKE. THESE BONDS HAVE HELD A THOUSAND GODS BEFORE YOU, SOME THE SIZE OF MOUNTAINS.
THEY ALL START OUT SO FULL OF CONFIDENCE AND RAGE. SO CONVINCED OF THEIR OWN BLESSED IMMORTALITY. UNTIL I SHOW THEM WHAT THEY REALLY ARE. WHAT THEIR MOTHERS ARE. THEIR LOVERS. THEIR INFANTS.
YOU'RE MEAT, JUST LIKE THE REST OF US, LITTLE GOD. MEAT AND BONE AND BLOOD AND INNARDS.
I WILL SHOW YOU YOUR TRUE FACE, THOR OF ASGARD. BY PEELING AWAY THIS MASK OF FLESH YOU WEAR.
AND I WILL CHEW OUT YOUR EYEBALLS WITH MY TEETH, YOU BLEATING--
HHRRGHH! HHRGGGGH!!!
I SO RARELY GET TO TAKE MY TIME ANYMORE. THERE ARE SO MANY GODS IN NEED OF ATTENTION, AFTER ALL.
THERE WAS AN IMMORTAL ON A WORLD LONG AGO, WHO DARED ASK ME IF I WAS A GOD MYSELF. NOW WITH HIM I INDEED TOOK MY TIME.
ALL GODS HAVE THEIR BREAKING POINTS. IT TOOK ME NINE DAYS TO FIND HIS. AND HIS FLESH WAS MADE OF STONE.
I AM HOPEFUL THAT YOU CAN KEEP ME ENTERTAINED FOR AT LEAST HALF AS LONG.
RRRAAARRGH

KRA TA BOOM
NO...PLEASE... I'M NOT GOING BACK TO GORR. HE CAN'T...
HE CAN'T MAKE ME WATCH ANYMORE!
GGRRGGHH!!!
WHAM

LOVELY FRIENDS YOU'VE BROUGHT WITH YOU, GOD OF THUNDER.
KKROOM
THEY'RE BLACK BERSERKERS AND THEY'RE AFTER SOMETHING. TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING FROM...
CHRONUX!
LORD LIBRARIAN, WHERE ARE THE BOOKS ON A GOD CALLED CHRONUX!
CHRONUX ISN'T A GOD, YOU IMBECILE. IT'S A WORLD. A HIDDEN ONE. AND THE ONLY BOOK THAT CAN TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND IT...
...IS OVER THERE BURNING!
THOR!


HHRGGHH...
I WILL NOT SIT... ON THAT BLASTED THRONE...A SECOND LONGER.
IF I CANNOT WALK TO MY DEATH LIKE A GOD OF THE VIKINGS...
I WILL CRAWL TO IT...LIKE A WOUNDED DOG.
COME, MJOLNIR, OLD FRIEND.
SHOW ME THERE'S STILL SOME MAGIC LEFT IN THESE DEAD HALLS.
AR


FWAAASH
FWOOOSH
FOR ASGARD.

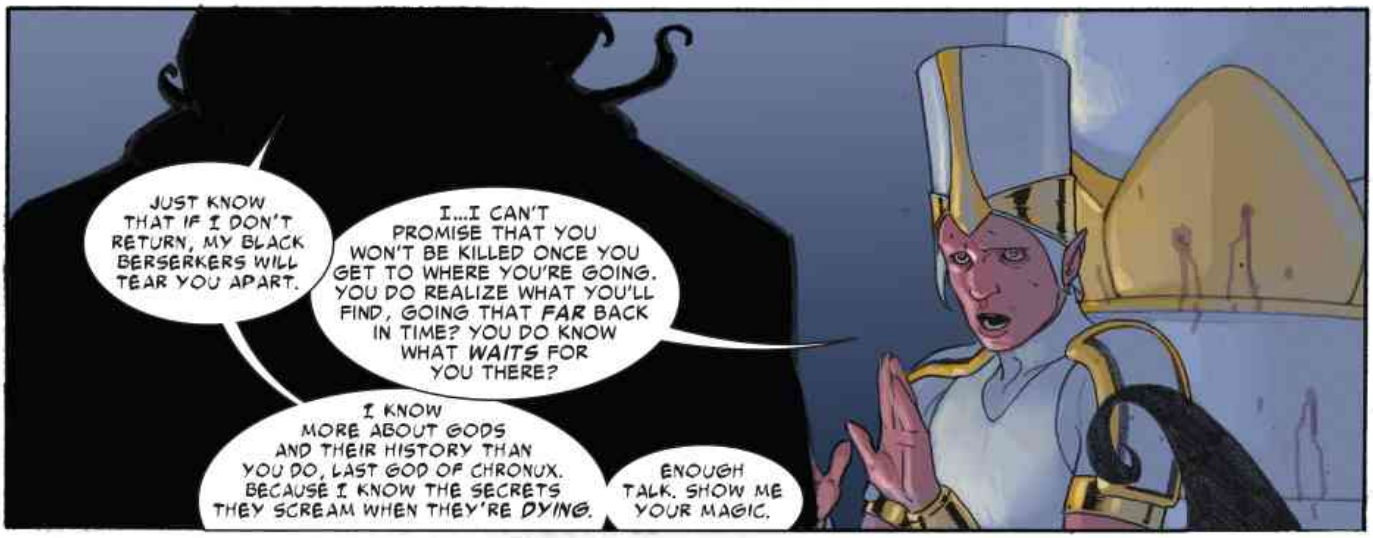

WHAZOOM
HHHRRGGHH!!!

DAMNED USELESS ENCHANTMENTS! WHERE THE DEVIL ARE THOSE *WATER PIXIES?*
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE A GOD OF SPRINKLERS, ARE YOU?
I AM SHADRAK, GOD OF SONGS AND SOMERSAULTS.
TERRIFIC. TRY ROLLING AROUND IN THAT FIRE TO PUT IT OUT.
YOUR BOOK BURNED TO ASH IN MY HANDS, LIBRARIAN, BUT I READ ALL I NEED.
I FLY TO *CHRONUX*, THE PALACE OF INFINITY!

"I FLY TO CLAIM THE HEAD OF GORR!"
Chronux, The Palace of Infinity.
ARRGHH!
BLEED THEM WELL, MY BERSERKERS.

WE'RE GOING TO NEED EVERY LAST DROP.

WILL IT BE ENOUGH?
IT WILL HAVE TO BE. THERE'S NO ONE LEFT.
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. I COULD ALWAYS CUT OFF YOUR ARMS AND LEGS.
IT WILL BE ENOUGH.
YES, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT SAY THAT.


JUST KNOW THAT IF I DON'T RETURN, MY BLACK BERSERKERS WILL TEAR YOU APART.
I...I CAN'T PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T BE KILLED ONCE YOU GET TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING. YOU DO REALIZE WHAT YOU'LL FIND, GOING THAT *FAR* BACK IN TIME? YOU DO KNOW WHAT *WAITS* FOR YOU THERE?
I KNOW MORE ABOUT GODS AND THEIR HISTORY THAN YOU DO, LAST GOD OF CHRONUX. BECAUSE I KNOW THE SECRETS THEY SCREAM WHEN THEY'RE *DYING*.
ENOUGH TALK. SHOW ME YOUR MAGIC.

THIS IS MONSTROUS, WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO THE POOL OF FOREVERS. A FEW DROPS OF OUR OWN SACRED BLOOD WERE ALL WE EVER USED TO TRAVEL THE TIMEWAYS, TO SHEPHERD THE HERDS OF YESTERDAYS AND PRUNE THE WILD FIELDS OF TOMORROWS.
WE TIME GODS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PEACEABLE BEINGS. CARETAKERS OF TIME, NOTHING MORE. WE NEVER DID ANYONE HARM.
IN MY TRAVELS I HAVE LEARNED THAT THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF GODS. THOSE WHO DO HARM. AND THOSE WHO DO NOTHING AT ALL. I HAVE YET TO DECIDE WHICH I FIND MORE WORTHY OF MY WRATH.
BUT SOON ENOUGH IT WILL NO LONGER MATTER, AS ALL GODS WILL HAVE ONE VERY IMPORTANT TRAIT IN COMMON.
THEY WILL ALL BE DEAD.

GRAAARGHH!!!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, YOU IDIOT BEASTS? YOU'VE WON.
DO YOU HEAR ME, GORR?! YOU'VE WON!
THOR IS BEATEN!
FINISH IT ALREADY!
I'M TOO OLD. TOO TIRED. I CAN'T FIGHT YOU ANYMORE. I CAN'T...
FWASH

WHERE IS...
THE BUTCHER OF GODS?